



The Ghost of Charles the Great King and Martyr.

THe Sun was set, and Proserpine had hurl'd
Lethean Poppy o're the silent World :
But night (whose calmness rocks the Earth asleep)
Nurst up my cares, and did them waking keep,
When with a deep-fetcht grone I thought upon
The Churches fate, and Kings destruction,
The Moon straight through my window shining clear,
The Ghost of *CHARLES* did to my sight appear,
Not with that lock and Majestic Divine
HE once on Earth, and now in Heaven doth shine ;
But with an Aspe & horrider then theirs
Who were his bloody Executioners :
So lookt (that Fiend of Hell) damn'd Nell, and all
Those Rebels that were guilty of his fall,
Whom Heaven now justly plagues. His face was thin,
His visage gaſt and pale, his eyes ſanck in,
His wounded neck made his weak head hang down,
Unable to ſupport the tottering Crown ;
His un-comb'd hair, like one's affrighted stood,
His beard was covered o're with clotted blood,
He ſpoke to me in ſuch a hollow ſound,
One would have thought the voice was under ground:
Pitty (he ſaid) my ſorrowes, here you ſee
What fruit, patience and vertue brought to me.
My Senate, thus, made me a glorious Prince,
This was their prouid Honour's Recompence:
That blessed reſt three Crowns could never get
(Thicker with Thornes, then pearls or diamonds ſet.)
The dry Ax yeelded me; So from the ſlain
Carcas of Samſons Lyon hony came ;



Sic fert spina rosas, sic fit Medecina veneno.

*Atque utinam Mors hæc, nec nostris hostibus esset
Fausta minus quam læta Mibi ; Vox sanguinis hujus
Æternum per me sileat ; nec Principe cæso
Cædibus alternis Regi trix Regna parentent.*

*Ab ! nil vota juvant ! fumat tellure receptus
Nunquam arens frigensque crux ; jussusque filere
Ejulat infandum, & gemitu Cœlum omne cievit.*

*Tum Daemon tumidos genio-virtiginis utres
Fudit in insanum pelagus, fluitansque popelli,
Unde ciet spumas sese frangeniibus undis,
Et quas vorticibus ex imo abrasit arenas,
Ad summum attollit, tum rursus in ima resorbet ;
Littora mox superans, disjectis undique legum
Molibus, horrifica nullo cohidente per agros
Diluviem volvit, meduim facit omnia Pontum !*

*Oppida, Ville, Arces, Regum monumenta vetusta
Intereunt subito, longis vix condita seclis.*

*Ecce jacet nostro fundens de vulnere vitam
Regnum antiquum ingens in principe detruncatum,
Et miseranda comes, confossa Ecclesia, Regi
Incubat, atque suum Domini cum sanguine miscet.*

*Euge ! animos ipsu de cæde Britannia carpit ;
Non toti occidimus, diraque Tyrannide pressa
Fortius erigitur extingui nescia virtus.*

*Vt quondam impositi saxis arcta Vesuvii.
Multæ fremens alitur secreto fomite flamma
Inde cavum late montem comprendit, & omnis
Obicis impatiens, solidi penetralia saxi
Rumpit, & effractis sursum ruit alta caminis
Æquora sulphurea fervent Tyrrhena procella.
Arvaque candentes torrent campana favillæ.
Terrifico cum motu, atque horrisono mugitu
Littora tota tremunt ; trepido fugit agmine vulgus.
Ardentes pagos, & tecta ruentia vitans,
Palantum insequitur piceus vestigia torrens.
Non alias rapide, Mea Gens erumpit in æstus,
Irritata malis, & iniquo pondere sudans*

So Bryers roses, deadly poysen to
 Produce good Medicines. From my death did flow
 Peace to my Soul; I wish my enemis
 May alike happie be, and my Blood's cryes
 For ever silent; though I'm slain, Heavens bless
 My Kingdoms! May they ne'r be Fatherless.
 But! wishes fail! my blood from Earth doth rise
 In recking vapours, and ascends the skies,
 Filling the whole Heav'n with its hollow cryes,
 Straight (as a raging sea) the Devil reignes
 I'ch' giddie-headed-peoples pregnant braines,
 Who with dissention fome, like breaking waves
 That force the sands out of their waterie graves
 O're the high rocks, then rowl them back again
 Into the deep; at length th' unruly mains
 Throws down those banks that gave it lawes, and runs
 O're the wide fields, till all one Sea becomes,
 Till towns and forts are levelld with the ground
 And Princely Courts long built, the flood hath drown'd.
 See how this antient King don breathless lyes,
 As if my soul with theirs did sympathize;
 The Church too (sharing in my suffering;)
 Lyes by me, and her blood's mixed with her King's!
 But stay! Brittain take courage, from my rest!
 All are not slain with me; virtue thrives best
 When 'c is by cruell Tyrants most opprest.
 As *Etna* in her stony brest doth cherish
 A secret fire, which veines of Sulphur nourish
 Till all inflam'd and weary of delay,
 It forces through th' imprisoning Rock a way,
 Shewing it's fierie face above the Ayre
 The Tyrrhene seas with Brimstone boyl, the fair
 Fields, are with burning coales scorch'd up, the shore
 Trembles to hear the shaking mountaines roare;
 In heards (like beasts) the fearfull neighbouring Clownes
 Flee from their burning cottages and Townes;
 A pitchy torrent following their swift feet;
 My People so enraged by deceit
 And heavic burdens under which they sweat,

Displodetque graves diris ultricibus ira.
 Tum mea Progenies ubi nullum invenerit hostem
 Obsequii memorem, sua quam Clementia servet!
 Viribus insurgens divis, & jure paterno
 Herculeos ardens animos, animisque lacertos
 Consimiles tollit, & formidata rubente
 Fulmina torquebit dextra, que bruta Gygantum
 Agmina, versa suis mixtum cum montibus, alto
 Culmine de solii cœnum in natale revolvet;
 Titanesque novi, scalarum mole suarum
 Obtriti, propriis sic fraudibus urgebantur
 Ut gravis Enceladi premit ignea pectora tellus
 Tinacriæ, centumque gemens incudibus Ætna.
 O, ne fracta malis regalia corda fatiscant
 Per mille arctarum perplexa volumina rerum,
 Per trepidos belli casus, modo Gloria surget
 Multa Deo, soblique meæ; Requiemque Brittannis,
 Grande decus Regni, sua per contraria condit.
 Mirandis vicibus, magno molimine numen
 Sic vitam ex Lethe, lucemque accedit in umbris
 Consilii æterni non vestigabile textum.
 Dixit, & extemplo majorem assumpserat ingens.
 Humanam speciem, sacer augustusque videri;
 Ore procul macies, & torvo lumine squallor;
 Sed roseo fulgore nitens, oculisque serenis
 Dulce jubar vibrans, mox Phebo clarior ipso
 Indutusque Homini non asperabile lumen
 Mortales fugit ille oculos Cœlumque revisit.

On their oppressors spend their furious heat;
 Then shall my Son (finding his foes despite
 Their duties, and his Clemency) arise
 With God-like strength; and to regain his right,
Herculean Spirits (all on fire to fight)
 Will aid their injur'd Prince; whose bloody hand
 Armed with lightening, shall disperse each band
 Of brutish Gyants, and their mountains throw
 (Together with their Carcasses) below
 Under their own ambitious dung-hill, thus
 Fell *Titan*'s son's and bold *Enceladus*
 In the *Tinacrea*n Earth their bones are thrown
 Whose hundred Anvils made all *Aetna* groan:
 O may my Childrens Princely hearts nee'r fail
 Amidst a thousand chances that assail
 The fate of Warres! So unto God thereby
 Glory may rise, next to my progeny.
 And Kingdom, Peace, since strange effects Heavens King
 Doth from contrary causes oft-times bring;
 From Death came Life; light out of darkness shin'd,
 Mans skill cannot his wayes and counsell find.
 This having said, straight a Majestick face
 And divine form, his humane shape did grace;
 Paleness and horrour from his grim look flies,
 His cheeks Roses adorn'd; his serene eyes
 Darted out pleasing rayes. Then, like the bright
 Sun, having put on a glorious light,
 Hee fled to Heaven, and vanish't out of sight.

THE END.